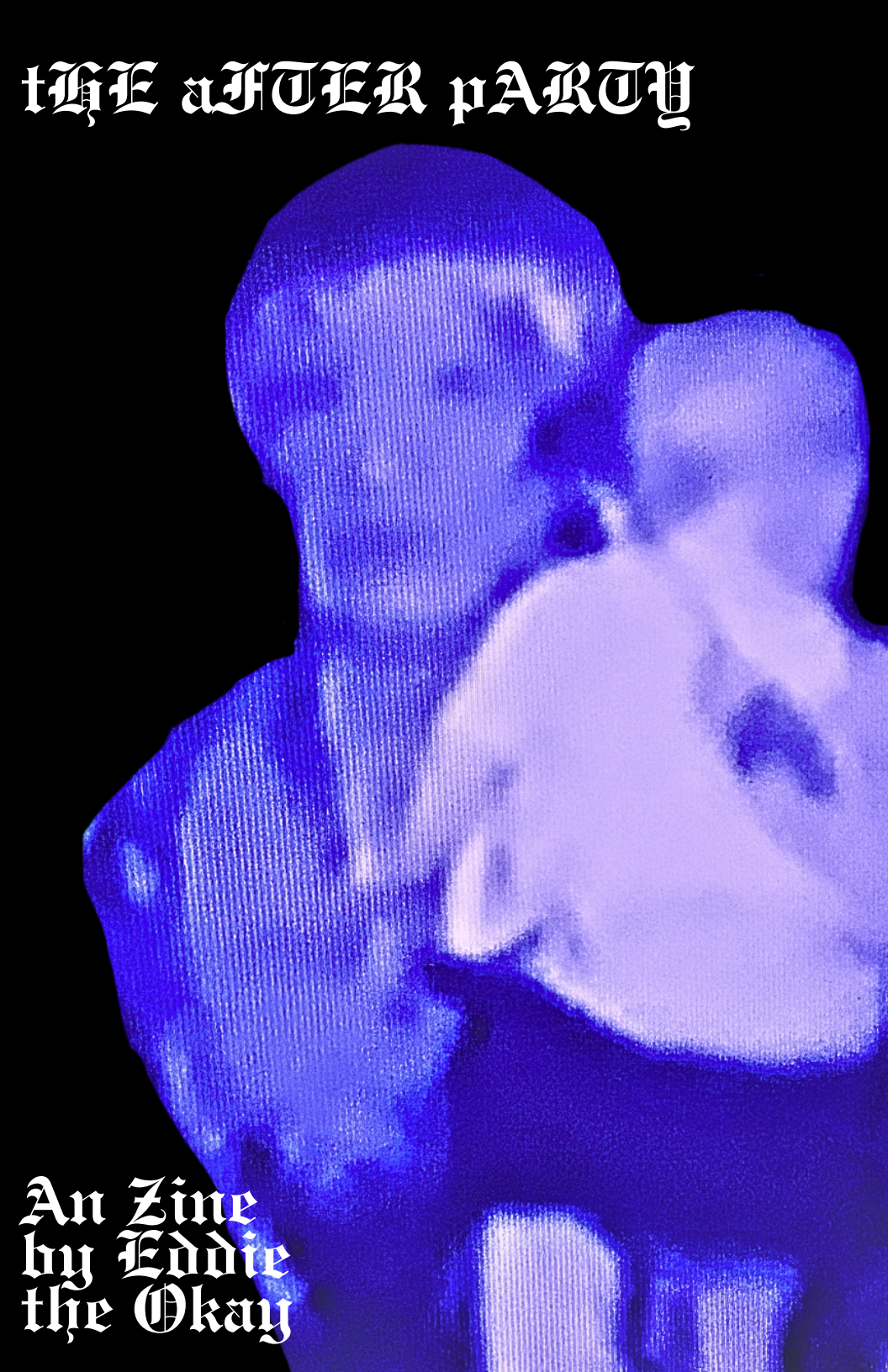
tHE aFTER pARTY



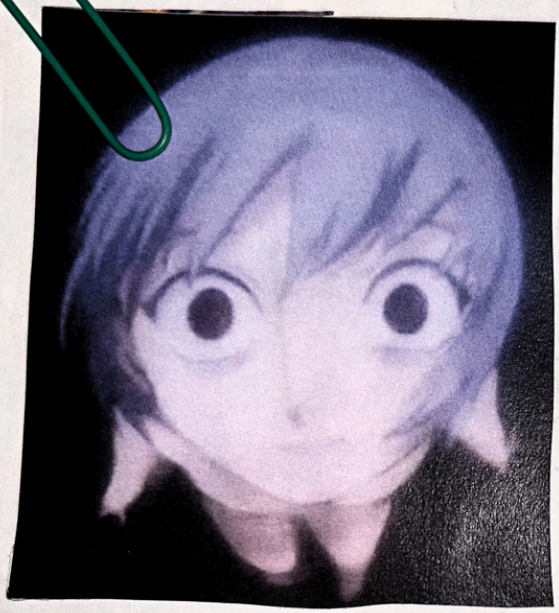
An Zine
by Eddie
the Okay

"I USE BITS AND PIECES OF OTHERS' PERSON -ALITIES TO FORM MY OWN"
- KURT COBAIN

Tea Party Pt. 1

When I was around 13 or 14, I felt the pressure to stop having tea parties with myself. That was until my family suggested me to savor my childhood for a little longer.

The only problem is that I lost track of time.



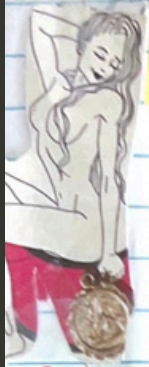
Now I'm out here having tea parties with my corpse. And people each it up each time.

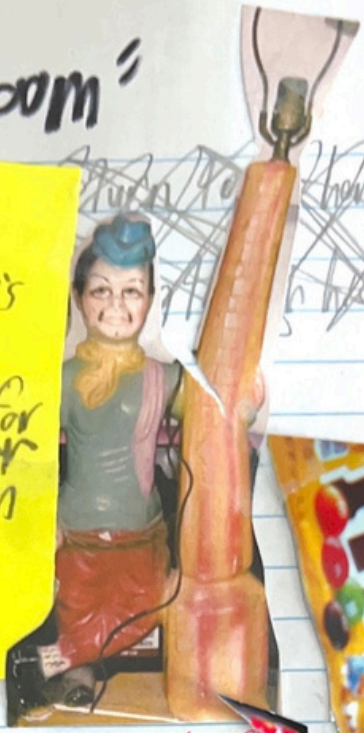
Some have even joined in on these parties, citing inspiration from attending. I have only myself to blame for blindly having open invites.

Sometimes I wish I ignored my family to begin with.

"Ian's Room"

I've been going through my brother's room more often. Searching for whatever inspiration to steal.





Digging through scratched CDs w/ the most trash rhymes from the 90's

Flipping through photography w/ articles left unread for two generations.

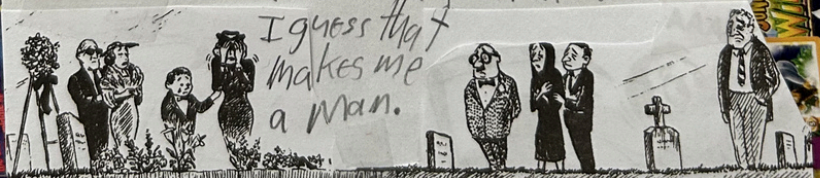
I've even taken a peak at your demos that I've promise to never release for all eternity.

It's all **Bringing Back** Memories of me hating you.

Man was I dumb for thinking that way. My head was too far up my ass back then.

Now I'm left with 3 words from you: "miss you Delivered"

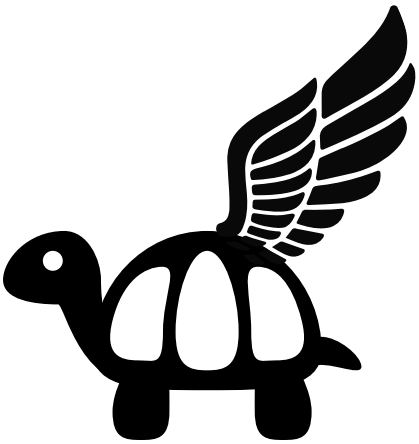
For a man fascinated by death,
I sure do hate witnessing it
outside of movies & T.V.
When it came time for the summer of death,
I wasn't prepared. Each time I said that
"I couldn't watch."
Each time I pussied out of being with
loved ones in their final moments.
The closest I've gotten to really ~~being with~~
one was seeing their freshly dead body.
I could still see the pain in their face.
I guess that makes me
a man.



To Alex Walter:
Family Turtle

From the moment you entered my life, I took you for granted. Gifted in a box still in the garage, all you asked was a home that would love you. I only gave you half of that. If it was up to me, I would have left you to rot. But my dad was the one who gave a damn. I only viewed you as a chore. But when you died, I finally cared about you. Even though it was too late. I just know that if there's a Hell, I'm going there for never loving you before.

From your Killer, Eddie.



IT'S WHAT HE
WOULD HAVE WANTED!
BECAUSE I SAID SO

Why must I hate what I don't understand? Why can't I just let something not make sense?

I will never fully understand God.

Nor do I think I'll ever fully believe in him.

As much as I ridicule how he tricked out Adam & Eve, I can't bring myself to justify Satan for manipulating Eve. All I can say for sure is that I feel bad for her. Regardless of how real she was.

As much as choose not to believe in God, I do still act like I do believe sometimes.

Following my favorite teaching & ignoring the teacher. For better or for worst.

FORGIVE
FATHER:
I DON'T
FEEL
SORRY

Poem Name: January 30th, 2026

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE® | PRIORITY® MAIL

VISIT US AT [illegible]

FROM:

Tonight I've attended the Mecca of my city's Arts yet again. Tonight the artists told tales of sexting, losing teeth, & miners finding holes.

"FUCK THE PRESIDENT" & "I'm environmentally correct" the artists cried.

But tonight everything was white noise to me. You told me that you'd be here tonight, & my mind switched to high alert. Eyes constantly darting towards the window for your silhouette. Am I obsessive? Reasonably worried? Are we really dating? Or are you just my Laurie Allen? Regardless, you're my 3rd muse & these words prove something. I just hope I can handle what it is.

[illegible], December 2022

FOR DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL USE

"OCTOBER B BACK"

I fell head over heels for you back in October. A part of me is still stuck there after all this time. So I've come to take that part of me off your hands

I just wanted to run off with you. Spending the rest of our days wandering around town with my soulmate. But my dreams were over ambitious. I didn't know how to truly honor you then. But now I know the irony.

The best way for me to honor you is for you to find a scholar, unlike me. There's only so many times I can say "I feel bad for you" until it loses all meaning. Hopefully your soulmate finds you sooner than later.

As for me, I'll keep searching for my one true soulmate. Wish me luck for better days. As I wish the same to you back.

And one last wish before I leave October: don't die so soon. I fear that I would just fall head over heels for you again.

MISSED AN ISSUE???
We probably have it along with 100,000 more from years ago.
Send YOUR list and S.A.S.E. for our selling price to: DAVE'S COMICS
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RICHMOND, VA. 23226
(804) 282-1211
Most comics from the last 2 years are still cover price.
"Did I wait too long?"
Did I wait too long?"
D:d you leave Me a ? Conchal
UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
ST. PETERS
- PRINTING ERR

In the house of statutes more lifeless than the dead, lies the remains of the butterfly lady. Me and her daughter had come to wish her “happy birthday”. Good for me since I still felt the need to make up for lost time with her.

Her daughter brought forth everything a mother would like to see on her birthday. All I brought was shame and two vases I painted not knowing it was for her. If I did it would’ve been baroque instead of neo-expressionism (something more appearing to the eyes).

As we organized her gifts, I couldn’t help but think of how her house sounded dead despite having living family members still there.

“Shut up: Get over it” a message told to me a month after her death. The teacher was one was pretending to apply this message to his new life. I could sense the tears he was holding back with his glasses.

Anyways, the gifts have been organized for minutes now. It was time to leave. I hope to see her again come Day of the Dead.

GOOD BYE :)
GOOD LUCK

Tea Party Pt. 2

Many years ago, my great-grandpa nearly worked himself to death. If he didn't have a mafia to run, he wouldn't have lived to see 92.

But he didn't do it for the mob ties, nor the street credit. It was all so his family could see the sun rise every morning. He did it for them. As well as for himself to rest easy.

While he wasn't an artist, he had the heart of one. One that embraced the consequences of his work, using it to let my family rest in peace.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

- BRISA (@THEWALKINGSHROOM)
- CHARLIE HAZEL (@MAYOROFFRESNO)
- FCC ART CLUB (@CITYSARTCLUB)
- BEA (@F1AMIN_BUGZ)
- MY FAMILY

pARTY'S oVER.

@tHEeDDJEaRTsHOW